



*For Thy
Good Cheer*



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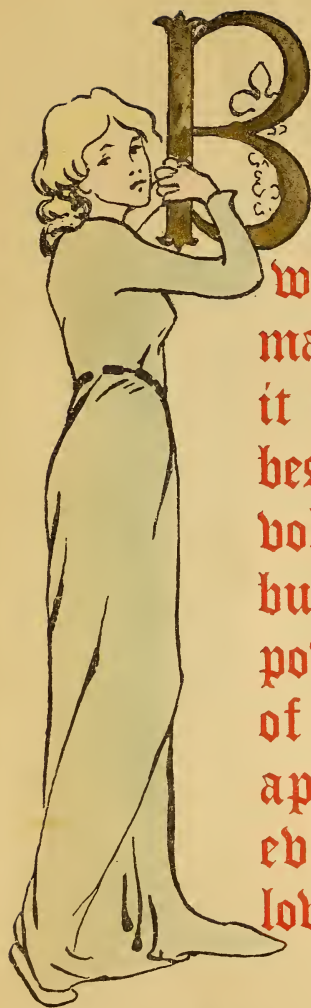
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Blessed are they
who have the gift of
making friends, for
it is one of God's
best gifts. It in-
volves many things,
but, above all, the
power of going out
of one's self, and
appreciating what-
ever is noble and
loving in another.

—Thomas Hughes

For Thy Good Cheer



A COLLECTION OF
HELPFUL AND BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS



Selected and Compiled
by the
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Oakland, California

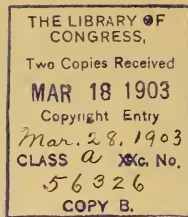
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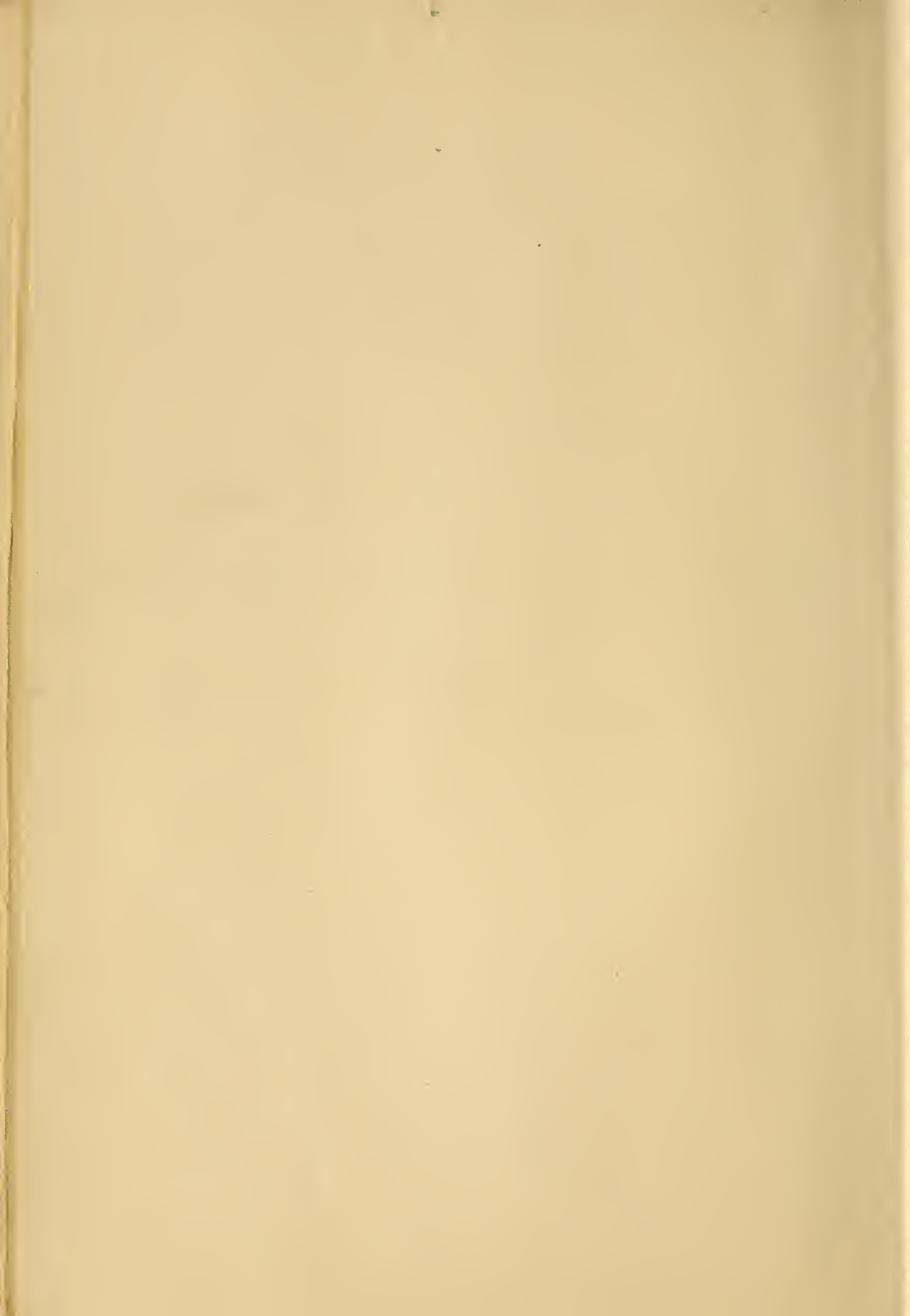
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By

JESSIE K. FREEMAN, EVELYN STEVENS WILSON
and
SARAH S. B. YULE

Flowers mark the progress of the seasons ; thoughts
the progress of the soul. — *M. A. E. Benton.*



To choose the best is the art of existence.

— *David Star Jordan.*

It is ours to make the unknown future brighter
 Than the fairest dreams of all the dreamers ;
 Ours to see the vision and fulfill it,
 Fairer than we dream of, fairer even
 Than the shining eyes of hope can see it.

— *Rhoda Tucker Frick.*

“ Now is the time ! Ah, friend, no longer wait
 To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
 To those around whose lives may be so drear,
 They may not need you in the coming year,
 Now is the time ! ”

“ Whatever the weather may be,” says he,
 “ Whatever the weather may be,
 It’s the songs ye sing, an’ the smiles ye wear,
 That’s a-makin’ the sun shine everywhere.”

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
 Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in ;
 Come from the mystic ocean,
 Whose rim no foot has trod —
 Some of us call it longing,
 And others call it God.

— *William Herbert Carruth.*

There is a ship named Sometime ;
Men dream of it, and wait ;
One on the shore, impatient,
One at the household gate,
Thinking: "If it come not in the morn,
Then in the evening it may."
But one I knew, not thinking of ships,
Worked till the close of day,
Lifting his eyes at evening time,
There his ship at anchor lay.

— *Irene Hardy.*

Turn not in vain regret
To thy fond yesterdays,
But rather forward set
Thy face toward the untrodden ways.
Open thine eyes to see
The good in store for thee,—
New love, new thought, new service too
For Him who daily maketh thy life new.
Nor think thou aught is lost
Or left behind upon the silent coast
Of thy spent years :
Give o'er thy faithless fears.
Whate'er of real good,—
Of thought, or deed, or holier mood,—
Thy life hath known,
Abideth still thine own,
And hath within significance
Of more than Time's inheritance.
Thy good is prophecy
Of better still to be.

— *F. L. Hosmer.*

“Sleep is a generous thief, he gives to Vigor what he takes from Time.”

The test of your Christian character should be that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.

— *Beecher.*

“To widen your life without deepening it is only to weaken it.”

In the cultivation of soul, we are entirely our own master. Who is to say us nay, if we wish to grow and expand in tenderness, thoughtful consideration for others, love ?

— *Thomas Van Ness.*

“Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means.”

Why do we so often prefer to believe in the *necessity* of suffering and weakness rather than in the possibility of strength and gladness ?

— *C. B. Newcomb.*

“Dis is a purty 'bligin' ol' worl',” said Uncle Eben, “an' if you let's it git giner'ly known dat's you's looking foh trouble, its mighty li'ble to 'commodate you.”

OPPORTUNITIES.

HAVE we all learned the lesson of grasping opportunities the moment they appear ? A lady was seated under a large tree reading a very interesting book. Suddenly the wind brought a beautiful many-tinted autumn leaf and laid it by her side. She noticed it and said to herself, "What a lovely leaf ! I must not forget to pick it up after I finish this chapter." But when she finished that chapter and looked for the leaf — it was gone. If the wind could have spoken I fancy it would have said, "Madam, I brought the leaf and placed it where you could secure it by merely reaching out your hand. But you chose to leave it until a more convenient time ; therefore I have sent it away, where though you search forever, you will never find it again ; and even if, after many days' searching, you could find it, it would not be the same, for the beautiful tints would be gone."

Compare the story of the leaf with our opportunities.

— *Flora G. Everest.*

"The careless use of other people's names is one of the evidences of untrained thought."

Would you have your friend live a better life ? Picture only that better life in your thoughts of him and *never* by word or look emphasize the opposite."

To him who has an eye to see, there can be no fairer spectacle than that of a man who combines the possession of moral beauty in his soul with outward beauty of form, corresponding and harmonizing with the former because the same great pattern enters into both.

— *Plato.*

Things without remedy,
Should be without regard : what's done is done.

— *Shakespeare.*

“If you are an invalid, do your best to get well; but, if you must remain an invalid, still strive for the unselfishness and serenity which are the best possessions of health. There are no sublimer victories than some that are won on sick beds.”

Live not without a friend : The Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace or else be nothing but a stone.

— *W. W. Story.*

THE SOUL OF LIFE.

To live for common ends is to be common.
The highest faith makes still the highest man ;
For we grow like the things our souls believe,
And rise or sink as we aim high or low.
No mirror shows such likeness of the face
As faith we live by of the heart and mind.
We are in very truth that which we love ;
And love, like noblest deeds, is born of faith.
The lover and the hero reason not,
But they believe in what they love and do.
All else is accident,— this is the soul
Of life, and lifts the whole man to itself,
Like a keynote, which, running through all sounds,
Upbears them all in perfect harmony.

— *J. L. Spaulding.*

Find your niche and fill it. If it be never so little, if it is only to be hewer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.

— *Spurgeon.*

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt, crept in ; forget them as soon as you can.

— *Emerson.*

Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till this evening, or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by a distant misery which may never come at all? Every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.

— *Sydney Smith.*

“Care is the lot of life, and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.”

What men want is not talent, it is purpose ; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

— *Bulwer Lytton.*

He only is rich who owns the day ; and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with worry and fret and anxiety.

— *Emerson.*

Then you think the Judge will be satisfied if you say,
 "Lord, I had so many names in my visiting book, and
 so many invitations that it was impossible for me to at-
 tend to these things?" — *George Macdonald.*

Hard may be Duty's hand ; but lo, it leads
 Out into perfect joy, where pain shall cease !
 God sees thy striving, and thy patience heeds ;
 And thou shalt find his peace.
 — *Celia Thaxter.*

A little thinking shows us that the deeds of kindness
 we do are effective in proportion to the love we put into
 them. More depends upon the motive than upon the
 gift. If the thought be selfish, if we expect compensa-
 tion, or are guilty of close calculation, the result will be
 like the attitude of mind which invited it.
 — *Dresser.*

"If bitterness has crept into the heart in the friction
 of the busy day's unguarded moments, be sure it steal
 away with the setting sun. Twilight is God's interval
 for peacemaking."

Good impulses and good intentions do not make
 action right or safe. In the long run, action is tested
 not by its motives, but by its results.
 — *David Starr Jordan.*

Our destiny is our own and it must be worked out—perhaps in fear and trembling—in our own way. If there be a cherished American doctrine the controlling question must be : Is it right ? If yea, then let us stand by it like men ; if nay, have done with it and move forward to other issues.

—*William McKinley.*

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Occasionally you find a woman in society who is so frank and honest that when you talk to her your trouble seems to grow small and your heart big. She has not a great deal of intellect, but then she has a great deal of common sense.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

Let us not concern ourselves about how other men will do their duties, but concern ourselves about how we shall do ours.

—*Lyman Abbott.*

However good you may be you have faults; however dull you may be you can find out what some of them are, and however slight they may be you had better make some — not too painful, but patient efforts to get rid of them.

—*Ruskin.*

Contentment comes neither by culture, nor by wishing; it is a reconciliation with ones lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.

—*J. K. McLean.*

Do we know ourselves or what good or evil circumstances may bring from us? Thrice fortunate is he to whom circumstances is made easy, whom Fate visits with gentle trial, and Heaven keeps out of temptation.

—*Thackeray.*

However the battle is ended,
 Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
 And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
 In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
 May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
 May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
 And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
 Though the enemy seem to have won,
Though his ranks be strong, if he be in the wrong.
 The battle is not yet done.
For sure as the morning follows
 The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor,
 O woman young, yet old,
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
 And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
 Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.
 — Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

“Knowing that all things are in God’s hand, and that God’s hand is in all things.”

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again ;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of thee
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand ;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn’st my mourning into praise.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

Weakness on both sides, is we know, the motto of all quarrels. —*Voltaire*

Every man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge for ourselves is given us. —*Schiller*.

You are either a magnet that attracts all things bright, desirable, healthy and joyous—or one that draws all things disagreeable, gloomy, unhealthy and destructive. —*Quigley*.

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey. —*George Eliot*.

Here you stand at the parting of the ways; some road you are to take; and as you stand here, consider and know how it is that you intend to live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes into this New Year. Leave these behind, and let the Dead Past bury its Dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.

—*Ephraim Peabody*.

FRET NOT THYSELF.

The sharp little vexations,
Why not take all to the Helper
And the briers that catch and fret,
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings too;
Tell him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do;
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

It is only when people begin to care for each other that the fineness of human nature is seen. As long as you don't love anybody much, your character is like a garden in winter, one virtue is under a glass shade, and another is covered over with straw, and all of them are pinched and sickly. Then love comes by, and it is summer; and your garden rejoices and blossoms like a rose, without your bothering about it.

—*Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

A SHRINE.

She sits and sews in the window there,
The sunshine round her fingers,
Just touching her braids of bright brown hair
And slender busy fingers.
And she fashions garments fair and fine
For the dear little Baby—hers and mine.
Her swift, white fingers can scarce keep pace
As down the years she glances,
And sews into folds of mull and lace
Her own sweet thoughts and fancies.
And her eyes are bright with light divine
As she croons to the baby—hers and mine.
She drops her work when the daylight dies—
I see them rocking, rocking—
There are dimpled arms, two dear, dark eyes,
A wee blue shoe and stocking;
And my heart bends low before the shrine
Of my wife and the Baby—hers and mine.

—*Alice E. Allen.*

There is but one good fortune to the earnest man. This is opportunity; and sooner or later, opportunity will come to him who can make use of it.

— *David Starr Jordan.*

“A man owes his first duty to himself, and that duty is to be gentle in his acts, and moderate in his judgments. Thus does he conserve his strength over against the time when it is most needed, stands ready to seize opportunity when it comes his way.”

So every sweet with soure is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.

— *Edmund Spencer.*

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

— *George Eliot.*

“Once open the door to trouble, and its visits are three-fold; first anticipation; second, in actual presence; third, in living it over again. Therefore never anticipate trouble, make as little of its presence as possible forget it as soon as past.”

“True greatness never happens. Man can conquer physical forces for succeeding generations, but battles of the soul no man can fight for another. There is no greater victory in life than the victorious old age, but it can be attained only by those who have learned to conquer in the years of strength and power. They and they alone can win the “consummate triumph.”

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves, or their powers. — *Borle.*

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Summer and winter are one to me,
And the day is bright, be it storm or shine,
For far away, o'er a sunny sea,
Sails a treasure vessel, and all is mine.
I see the ripples that fall away
As she cleaves the azure waves before;
And nearer, nearer, day by day,
Draws the happy hour when she comes to shore.
"But what if she never comes?" you say,
"If you never the honor, the treasure gain?"
It has made me happier, day by day,
It has eased full many an aching pain;
It has kept the spirit from envy free,
Has dulled the ear to the world's rude din.
Oh! best of blessing it's been to me,
To look for the hour when my ship comes in.
— *Whitelaw Reid.*

Grief is the agony of an instant. The indulgence of grief is the blunder of a life. — *Disraeli.*

Any one, a fool or an idiot, can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes and it signifies a large nature to be universal, to be inclusive.

— *Ralph Waldo Trine.*

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness. — *Fichte.*

To seek knowledge is better than to have knowledge.

— *David Starr Jordan.*

The tissues of life to be, we weave with colors all our own,

And in the field of destiny, we reap as we have sown.

— *Whittier.*

If a good face is a letter of recommendation,

A good heart is a letter of credit.

— *Bulwer.*

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more ;

If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness

And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor ;

There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,

Which who so seeks shall find ; but he who bends

Intent on manna still, and mortal ends,

Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

— *Lowell.*

So many little faults we find :
We see them, for not blind
Is love ; we see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by
They will not be
Faults then — grave faults — to you and me,
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.

Days change so many things — yes, hours —
We see so differently in suns and showers ;
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light !
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

— *George Klinge.*

A happy-tempered bringer of the best
Out of the worst ; who bears with what's past cure,
And puts so good a face on't — wisely passive
Where action's fruitless, while he remedies
In silence what the foolish rail against.

— *Browning.*

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy ;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to hold against the world,
A man to match our mountains, and compel
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth ;
The tang and odor of the primal things :
The rectitude and patience of the rocks ;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn ;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea ;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves ;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars ;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well ;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart ;
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

— *Edwin Markham.*

“What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.”

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life. — *Auerbach.*

The world only needs that we learn the laws of the universe and co-operate with God, and the health and joy and power that come with health may be ours.

— *M. J. Savage.*

Who'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming. — *Goethe.*

What to us is gibe or frown ?
What have we to cast us down ?
Soul! Arise! assume thy crown :
Turn thy features from the wall,
Make the stature grand and tall,
See, the Lord is over all.

— *Richard Real.*

All are not just because they do no wrong ;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is truly just. I praise not them
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not,
But him whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise ;
His be the praise who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgments of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest man.

— *Philemon.*

The day is coming when no one will be called a Christian unless he lives for humanity as Jesus lived. A new life is stirring in the hearts and minds of men and women to-day. It is a new vision of the Christ.

— *Dresser.*

Stand close to all, but lean on none,
And if the crowd desert you,
Stand just as fearlessly alone
As if a throng begirt you,
And learn what long the wise have known —
Self flight alone can hurt you.

— *William S. Shurtleff.*

“Think of yourself as on the threshold of unparalleled success. A whole clear, glorious life lies before you. Achieve, achieve.”

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.

— *Marcus Aurelius.*

The secret of the man who is universally interesting, is that he is universally interested.

(*Said of Dr. Holmes by Howells.*)

I have noticed that folk who had come to grief and quite failed, have the rules how to succeed in life more at their finger's ends than folk who have succeeded.

— *Thomas Hardy.*

So much love, so much life,— strong, healthy, rich, exulting, and abounding life.

— *R. W. Trine.*

“The cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding,
And it's better far to hunt a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.”

TWENTY-ONE.

My darling One-and-Twenty boy,
Rise to your strong young feet,
And look up in the April blue
And feel that life is sweet.

The man who cowers in the shade
And watches for the cloud
Will watch and shiver every hour
Until his back be bowed.

Ought there to be a sermon preached
When one is twenty-one ?
Mine is so short 'tis finished
As soon as 'tis begun.

Be happy, One-and-Twenty boy !
To be just as you should
Be happy, happy, happy,
And 'tis like you'll find you're good.

Here's a motto, One-and-Twenty boy,
Engrave it 'neath your crest ;
"The wisest man's the happiest one,
The happiest one's the best."
— *Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.*

A VALENTINE.

If only I might sing
Like birds in spring —
Robin, or thrush, or wren,
In grove or glen ;

If only I might suit
To harp or lute,
To chime in tender time
Some touching rhyme,—

Then I'd hope in vain
Thine ear to gain ;
But now — I halt — I quail —
Ah ! must I fail ?

So small my skill to plead
My earnest need,
Love — love is all the plea
I bring to thee.

— *Clinton Scollard.*

A LOST CHILD.

Ye Cryer :

Here's a reward for who'll find Love !
Love is a-straying
Ever since Maying,
Hither and yon, below, above.
All are seeking Love !

Ye Hand-bill :

Gone astray — between the Maying
And the gathering of the hay,
Love, an urchin ever playing —
Folk are warned against his play.

How may you know him ? By the quiver,
By the bow he 's wont to bear.
First on your left there comes a shiver,
Then a twinge — the arrow's there.

By his eye of pansy color,
Deep as wounds he dealeth free ;
If its hue have faded duller,
'T is not that he weeps for me.

By the smile that curls his mouthlet ;
By the mockery of his sigh ;
By his breath, a spicy South, let
Slip his lips of roses by.

By the devil in his dimple ;
 By his lies that sound so true ;
 By his shaft-sting, that no simple
 Ever culled will heal for you.

By his beckonings that embolden ;
 By his quick withdrawals then ;
 By his flying hair, a golden
 Light to lure the feet of men.

By the breast where ne'er a hurt 'll
 Rankle 'neath his kerchief hid —
 What ? you cry : he wore a kirtle ?
 Faith ! methinks the rascal did !

Here's a reward for who 'll find Love !
 Love is a-straying
 Ever since Maying,
 Hither and yon, below, above,
 I am seeking Love !

<i>Cryer</i> : H. C. Bunner :	ye finder pray'd
Grub Street :	to bring her to
Cry's Weddings :	
Burryings : Lost	
Childn, and right	Master Corydon.
cheaply.	
Ye Ild Knocker.	Petticoat Lane.]
	— <i>H. C. Bunner.</i>

So here has been dawning another blue day ;
 Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away ?
 Out of eternity this new day is born ;
 Into eternity at night will return.— *T. Carlyle.*

Speech is the chief revelation of the mind, the first visible form that it takes. As the thought, so the speech. To better one's life in the way of simplicity, one must set a watch on his lips and his pen. Let the word be as genuine as the thought, as artless, as valid ; think justly, speak frankly. — *Charles Wagner.*

Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused path. — *Scandinavian Edda.*

Fame without happiness is but a sorry jest at best. What matters it to a thirsty man if his empty cup be of gold, or silver, or of finest glass ?

— *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

In everything that happens is there light ; and the greatness of the greatest of men has but consisted in that they had trained their eyes to be open to every ray of this light. — *Maurice Maeterlink.*

In the thought of a man lies ever his fate ;
There is life in loving, and death in hate.
We will rise or fall, we will soar or sink,
Always and ever as we may think,
And the key to all mysteries here or above —
Aye ! the key to the Kingdom of God, is LOVE.
— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

— *Emerson.*

While we sit brooding over our troubles and the hardships of our lot, the great world goes tranquilly on, the infinite sky hangs over us, the everlasting order abides, and "God is where he was." Can we not forget or endure our pestering "insect miseries" for a little while in the presence of the eternal laws and eternal powers ?

— *Charles G. Ames.*

HOW LITTLE JOE NAMED THE BABY.

He stood beside the cradle
A tender, brooding care
Watching with love-illumed eyes
The baby brother there.

He stood beside the cradle
While busily without
The mother plied her morning work
The happy home about.

Three moons had bloomed and faded
Since "Baby" earthward came,
Nor yet with seeking far and near
Was found a fitting name.

Anon the door was opened —
The mother paused and smiled,
As face all tremulous with joy,
Up spake the little child ;

"Mamma, I've named the baby!"

"You have? What is it Jo?"

"I'm going to call him God, Mamma,
That's the best name I know."

O depth of heavenly wisdom
Alone to love unsealed —
Hid from the wise and prudent tones
And unto babes revealed.

Wee prophet of the highest —
Who touched thy little tongue
To speak so clear the holiest thought
That e'er was said or sung.

The preaching of the pulpit
Seems vague and far away
Beside thy bolder faith that sees
Immanuel to-day.

Ah well, if in each other,
As through the world we go,
We saw what in that babe was seen
And named by little Jo.

— *Frederick L. Hosmer.*

Fear death ? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe :
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go ;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

— *Robert Browning.*

AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you — oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step, and the glad return —

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There, as the love of Here.

Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead — he is just away.

The lines are from Riley's poem, written after the death of his little boy.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

"A fool praises himself; a wise man turns the job over to a friend."

Give thanks for what is instead of dwelling upon what might have been.

— *Lucy H. M. Soulsby.*

Only weak natures consent to dwell among tombstones, and the losses of which they are the symbol; the strong drink wisdom and courage from the cup of sorrow, and move onward toward light and life.

— *Bishop Spaulding.*

The desire to look back over the past is a sign of age and weakness; we need to look forward, and develop into what we are capable of becoming. What heights are we striving to occupy now? — *E. J. Dinsmore.*

True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was large enough for Diogenes; but a world too little for Alexander. — *Charles Caleb Colton.*

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellowman sincerely;
To act from motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

— *Henry Van Dyke.*

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

“ Make new friends, but keep the old ;
Those who are silver, these are gold.
New made friends, like new made wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray.
Friendship never owns decay ;
For mid old friends kind and true
We once more our youth renew.
But, alas, old friends must die ;
New friends must their place supply.
Then cherish friendship in your breast ;
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old ;
Those are silver, these are gold.”

MY WIFE.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew
Steel-true and blade-straight
The great artificer
Made my mate.

Honour, anger, valour, fire,
A life that love could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty Maker
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife
A fellow-farer true through life —
Heart-whole and soul-free
The August Father
Gave to me.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

— *Longfellow.*

I would not give up the mists that *spiritualize* our
mountains for all the blue skies of Italy.

— *Wordsworth.*

Under the shadow of the twilight's wing,
I heard a voice unto the heavens sing;
And suddenly from Heaven's window leaned
The Stars to know the joy of listening.

— *Frank Dempster Sherman.*

One day at a time! That 's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It 's a wholesome rhyme —
A good one to live by;
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it 's never to-day which the spirit breaks,
It 's the darkened future, without a gleam.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

The rewards of great living are not external things,
withheld until the crowning hour of success arrives;
they come by the way — in the consciousness of grow-
ing power and worth, of duties nobly met and work
thoroughly done. Joy and peace are by the way.

— *Hamilton W. Mabie.*

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for it's well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to rate a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and
health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There's only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others share
Your portion of labor, of worry and care?

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"I have to work like a slave," said a good woman, weary with her worries, but the answer came from a more way-wise comrade: "Oh, but, my dear, you can work like a queen."

— *Francis Willard.*

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent!
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame;
But the olives were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content —
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame,
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods he came.

— *Sidney Lanier.*

"Easter is becoming a universal festival, because more and more it expresses a universal hope."

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, ruffle of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky;

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines

Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;

But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,

Fought to make and to save the state;

Weary marches and sinking ships;

Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;

March of a strong land's swift increase;

Equal justice, right, and law;

Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong

To ward her people from foreign wrong;

Pride and glory and honor, all

Live in the colors, to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

And loyal hearts are beating high;

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

— *H. H. Bennett.*

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency. But why should you keep your head over your shoulder?
— *Emerson.*

“The men who do things, and not the men who merely talk about things, are those who bless the world.”

I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but after the council of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and establish himself in those courses he approves.

— *Emerson.*

But it may be in a diviner air,
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost
Waits perfect and mature.
And the faint heart, that now defeated grieves,
May yet stand smiling mid abundant sheaves.

— *Mary L. Ritter.*

Booker Washington tells of a colored man in Alabama who uttered this prayer : “O, Lord, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot, dat I b’lieve dat dis here darkey am called to preach.”

How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 — *Shakespeare.*

To the extent that faculties are cultivated the chances
 of success are increased.
 — *Charles A. Murdock.*

All are needed by each one —
 Nothing is fair or good alone.
 — *Emerson.*

Dark is the world to thee,
 Thyself art the reason why.
 — *Tennyson.*

Do not spill thy soul, in running hither and yon,
 grieving over the misfortunes, the mistakes and the
 vices of others. The one person whom it is most nec-
 essary to reform is yourself. — *Quigley.*

“He who goes down into the battle of life giving a
 smile for every frown, a cheery word for every cross
 one, and lending a helping hand to the unfortunate, is,
 after all, the best of missionaries.”

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.
 — *Emerson.*

Friendship is a plant which can not be forced. True friendship is no gourd, springing in a night and withering in a day.

— *Charlotte Bronte.*

Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.
— *Washington Irving.*

When you are asked where and how is your little achievement going into God's plan, point to your Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.
— *Phillips Brooks.*

"Some men who marry and settle down would have done the world more good had they remained single and settled up."

They that can walk at will

Where the works of the Lord are revealed,
Little guess what joy can be got

From a cowslip out of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison"

Are all they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards,
Like the waft of an angel's wing.

— *Tennyson. In the Children's Hospital.*

Every expansion of civilization makes for peace. In other words, every expansion of a great civilized power makes for law, order, and righteousness.

— *President Roosevelt.*

Come over on the sunny side of life. There is room there for all, and it is a matter of choice.

—*Barnetta Brown.*

The size of this world is the size which each person by his thought makes it. In a book published about a year ago of a course of lectures given at the Lowell Institute, the writer says that "the size of the universe depends upon the range of human interests. The withdrawal of interest from any phase of reality means practically the extinction of that phase for that person. Dead interests mean a dead universe." What an appalling thought is this! If we withdraw our interest from all phases we have no world at all! And yet it is an inspiration; for if the statement is true, then it is a fact that we each live in a world of our own selection, our own choice. Of course, many a person is tied down by inevitable, or what seem to be inevitable, circumstances, contrary to the nature of that person. But, after all, those environments do not determine the size of his world. His attitude toward those surroundings is the measuring-scale

— *E. J. Daniels.*

"There is no use arguing with the inevitable; the only argument with an east wind is to put on your overcoat."

The supreme test of education is good health, mental health, spiritual health, physical health. The aim of all sound education is to make health abound.

— *Benjamin Ide Wheeler.*

The Jewish Rabins have a proverb that ten Rabs of speech descended into the world and the women took away nine of them. — *Poor Robin, A. D., 1710.*

Art thou little, do thy little well, and
For thy comfort know
The biggest man can do his biggest work
No better than just so. — *Goethe*.

I am sure it is a great mistake always to know
enough to go in when it rains. One may keep snug
and dry by such knowledge, but one misses a world of
loveliness. — *Adeline Knapp*.

There is no spectacle so depressing as the ruins of a
house that has never been finished. The ruins of houses
that have had their day and been lived in are often rest-
ful, and beautiful, and picturesque; but the decay of a
building that has been begun and not completed, is one
of the most ghastly and hideous objects on the face of
the earth. So many lives seem to me like that.

— *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler*.

The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made.
— *Browning*.

This is eternity *now*; you are sunk as deep in it,
wrapped as close in it as you ever will be. The future
is an illusion; it never arrives; it flies before you as
you advance. Always it is to-day — and after death
and a thousand years it is to-day. You have great
deeds to perform and you must do them now.

— *Charles Ferguson*.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
 Keep a-goin'!
If it hails, or if it snows,
 Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin',—
 Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
 Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
 Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' every dime?
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!
 Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
 Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
 Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like sighin',—sing!
 Keep a-goin'!

“It is easier to *think* right than to *do* right.”

“LABORARE EST ORARE.”

“Labor is worship!” the robin is singing;

“Labor is worship!” the wild bee is ringing.

Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing

Speaks to thy soul from our nature’s great heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;

From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral bower;

Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! ’T is the still water faileth;

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;

Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens;

Only the waving wing changes and brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work ; and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow.
Work ; thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow.
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow ;
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will ;

Labor is health ! Lo ! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping !
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth — in the sea the pearl groweth ;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth ;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round
 thee !
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look to you pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;
 Rest not content in thy darkness, a clod !
Work — for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labor !— All labor is noble and holy ;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

— *Frances S. Osgood.*

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the thing which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.

— *Epictetus*.

We may be sure there is deliverance from every unfavorable condition of our lives when we have fitted ourselves to accept it.

— *Charles B. Newcomb*.

The deeper the feeling the less demonstrative will be the expression of it.

— *Balzac*.

"The habit of helplessness begins early. It grows and with many men becomes fixed before the voting age. The first symptom is the dodging of responsibility, the effort to unload on to somebody else."

"The Indian says that when a man kills a foe the strength of the slain enemy passes into the victor's arm. In the weird fancy lies the truth. Each defeat leaves us weaker for the next battle, but each conquest makes us stronger. Nothing makes a prison to a human life, but a defeated broken spirit. The bird in its cage that sings all the while is not a captive. God puts his children in no position in which he does not mean them to live sweetly and victoriously. So in any circumstances we may be "more than conquerors through him that loved us."

— *J. R. Miller*.

Sail forth; steer for the deep waters only —
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee and thou with
me;
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to
go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of
God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!

— *Walt Whitman.*

“There is not the slightest question to-day in the minds of the really intelligent that thought is a vital force — as powerful as electricity, though slower in its results.”

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about,
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

Our love of the real draws us to permanence, but health of body consists in circulation, and sanity of mind in variety or facility of association. We need change of objects. Dedication to one thought is quickly odious.

— *Emerson.*

“Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings. Fear nothing and no one. Love your work. Work, hope, trust. Keep in touch with to-day. Teach yourself to be practical and up-to-date and sensible. You cannot fail.”

"Each man contributes his spirit to his town, his community, and his home; every woman contributes her ideals, her convictions, and her nature to the cheerfulness and courage or the depression and cowardice of her society, be it large as the country or limited as her home. It is therefore the bounden duty of every man and woman to put life, hope, faith into their fellows by putting these qualities into the common air."

"A right good thing is prudence,
And they are useful friends
Who never make beginnings
Until they see the ends.
But give me now and then a man
And I will make him king,
Just to take the consequences,
And just to do the thing."

I wish that more of us had the courage to be poor; that the world had not gone mad after fashion and display; but so it is, and the blessings we might have are lost in the effort to get those which lie outside the possible.

— *Alice Carey.*

I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee;—
All is of God that is or is to be,
And God is good.

— *John G. Whittier.*

MOTHER AND CHILD.

My child is lying on my knees
The signs of Heaven she reads.
My face is all the Heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

I also am a child and I
Am ignorant and weak
I gaze upon the starry sky
And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky
Behind the world so broad
Behind men's hearts and souls, doth lie
The Infinite of God.

Lo, Lord, I sit in the wide space
My child upon my knee,
She looketh up into my face
And I look up to thee.

— *George MacDonald.*

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

—*Lydia Maria Childs.*

“Everybody knows that the sun has spots on it, and yet some people always expect a ten-year-old boy to be about perfect.”

“The working world understands that the only man who really knows things is the man who can do things.”

Certainly, in our little sphere, it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most, . . . It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

I ceased to think, to feel; I had often lain thus under other trees, but never in such a mood as this. I was akin with the vast and silent movement of things which encompassed me. I cannot translate into words the mystery and the thrill of that hour, when for the first time I gave myself wholly into the keeping of Nature, and she received me as her child. Unbroken repose, unlimited growth, inexhaustible life, measureless force, unsearchable beauty — who shall feel these things and know that there are no words for them?

— *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Refinement that carries us away from our fellow men is not God's refinement. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself. — *Lord Chesterfield.*

"I believe in the sacredness of the human body; this transient dwelling place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living."

In landscape the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know. The details, the prose of nature, he should omit and give us only the spirit and splendor. In a portrait he must inscribe the character and not the features. — *Emerson.*

"It is not necessary for a man to be actively bad in order to make a failure of life; simple inaction will accomplish it. Nature has everywhere written her protest against idleness; everything which ceases to struggle which remains inactive rapidly deteriorates. It is the struggle toward an ideal, the constant effort to get higher and further which develops manhood and character."

"I would rather be able to appreciate things I can not have, than to have things I am not able to appreciate."

Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry!

— *Old Song.*

Of Christmas past, let us remember now
 Only the smiles, forgetting all the tears,
 Only the hopes, forgetting all the fears!
Life's way is all too long, that we should bow
 Beneath the ancient burdens of dead years.
Of Christmas in the future, let us speak
 Only with courage, looking for the best!
 Only with hope, leaving to faith the rest!
Life's day is all too short, that we should seek
 To dim its brightness at our own behest.
And in the present Christmas, let us give
 All help, from care the suffering to release —
 All zeal, to share our happiness and peace!
For life is long enough for love to live,
 And short enough for bitterness to cease."

— *C. Jelf-Sharp.*

“The vision of God that a working soul gets, in the presence of right living, and of honest effort is the one great revelation of time.”

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent,
he who has received one should speak of it.

— *Seneca.*

She does very well under the circumstances, but that's the trouble — she's always under a lot of them; she never gets above the circumstances at all.

— *A. D. T. Whitney.*

That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.

— *Emerson.*

Take time to speak a loving word
Where loving words are seldom heard;
And it will linger in the mind,
And gather others of its kind,
'Till loving words will echo where
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare;
And somewhere on thy heavenward track
Their music will come echoing back,
And flood thy soul with melody,
Such is Love's immortality.

“Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night;
To give
Is to live.”

At every meal remember there are two guests to be fed,—the body and the mind. —*Epictetus*.

For when the heart goes before like a lamp and illumines the pathway, many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness. —*Longfellow*.

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach. —*Ruskin*.

You and I must not complain if our plans break down if we have done our part. That probably means that the plans of One who knows more than we do have succeeded. —*E. E. Hale*.

I saw a delicate flower had grown up two feet high, between the horses' path and the wheel-track. One inch more to right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher, and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it.

— *H. D. Thoreau.*

The years monotonous? The same old seasons, and weathers, and aspects of nature? Never anything new to admire or wonder at? The monotony is in our eyesight, which goes on seeing nothing but the common and invariable things; simply because, from long familiarity, these are the easy things to see. But these are only the frame of the picture; the picture is never twice alike.

— *E. R. Sill.*

“A good word is as soon said as an ill one.”

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

— *George Eliot.*

“The vision of God that a working soul gets, in the presence of right living and of honest effort, is the one great revelation of time.”

- It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll:
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—~~Elbert Hubbard.~~
W. E. Henley

Whate'er it is thou dost not use, will be
A heavy burden and a load to thee:
Only from what the present moment springs,
Created in the present, profit brings.

— Goethe.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done
And trust Thee for the opening one.

— Whittier.

Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

— Lowell.

IF I COULD LISTEN CLOSE ENOUGH.

Sometimes in summer afternoons
An undertone will fall,
As if a hundred tongues must speak,—
Must speak, and tell me all.

O nature, dear interpreter,
Would'st thou my sorrow heal?
If I could listen close enough,
What then, would'st thou reveal?

When sinks the day behind the sea,
And ships the harbor seek,
If I could listen close enough,
Perhaps the wave would speak.

Or, when my garden's scented paths
In moonlit silence lie,
If I could listen close enough,
The rose might testify.

When fledglings stir within the nest
As morn comes o'er the hill,
Down deep among the water cress
What says the lispings rill?

As freshening winds invade the wood,
And all the trees rejoice;
How easy then to half expect
The fir to find a voice.

The lark pours out so glad a note,
To joy my heart is stirred;
If I could listen close enough,
Perhaps he brings me word.

Elizabeth Ballard-Thompson.

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.
— *Hindoo Sayings.*

The man that will steal for you will steal from you, if he gets a chance.
— *Theodore Roosevelt.*

He who has learnt on solid grounds to put some value on himself, seems to have renounced the right of undervaluing others.
— *Goethe.*

A woman lacking true culture is said to betray by her conversation a mind of narrow compass, bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments and on the west by her clothes.
— *Burton Kingsland.*

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie,—
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
— *George Herbert.*

“Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons,—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
However we fail in action.”

We must not try to write the laws of any one virtue, looking at that only. — *Emerson.*

No man can conceal himself from his fellows, for everything he fashions or creates interprets him. — *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Do not read newspapers column by column; remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. — *Emerson.*

Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet if the lip have the least fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggests a moral ugliness, that sculptor — unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose—may as well give over his marble for paving stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. For, indeed, we may say that he who has not yet perceived how *artistic* beauty and *moral* beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who therefore is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty—that he in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him; he is not yet the great artist.

— *Sidney Lanier.*

"If you are feeling sorry for yourself because life is monotonous, you are building the wall higher and higher which shuts you from the things you desire.

Stop it!

Say each morning: 'This is to be an interesting and successful day for me.' If it does not prove to be, then say it the next morning and the next, until it comes true."

Is it rainy, little flower?

Be glad of rain.

Too much sun would wither thee:

'Twill shine again.

The clouds are very black, 'tis true,

But just behind them shines the blue.

— *M. F. Butts.*

As I watch men of affairs, I find one set who, as they say, make one hand wash another. They are rushing round at one o'clock to pick up the funds to pay the note which falls due at two. I find another set more thoughtful who know to-day what they are to do next Friday—know, as they would say, where they shall be next Saturday—who are thus prepared in advance for any exigency.

— *E. E. Hale.*

Since few large pleasures are lent us on a long lease,
it is wise to cultivate a large undergrowth of small
pleasures.

—*Mary A. Livermore.*

Happiness, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesses
those who are most intimately associated in it, and it
blesses all those who see it, hear it, feel it, touch it, or
breathe the same atmosphere.

—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

Frank, generous conversation, with ability to be just
as pleasant the next moment as if difference of opinion
had not been expressed, helps each to see his or her
mistakes, to understand whether he or she is acting
from love of ambition, from obstinacy or for truth's
sake. Homes must learn the impersonal art of discus-
sion which makes the intellect grow, and leaves love
and belief in others' sincerity untouched.

—*Kate G. Wells.*

God's poet is silence, his words are unspoken,
And yet how profound, how full and how far!
It thrills you, and fills you with measure unbroken,
And as soft and as fair and as far as a star.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

No one is really miserable who has not tried to
cheapen life.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

No one is useless in this world who lightens the
burden of it to anyone else. — *Dickens.*

"The character of our thinking determines the nature of our ideals."

There is no day too poor to bring us an opportunity, and we are never so rich that we can afford to spurn what the day brings. Opportunities for character always bloom along the pathway of our duty and make it fragrant even when it is thorny.

— *Samuel J. Barrows.*

It is almost always when things are all blocked up and impossible that a happening comes. If you are sure you are looking and ready, that is all you need. God is turning the world round all the time.

— *A. D. T. Whitney.*

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

No greater fortune can befall a child than to be born into a home where the best books are read, the best music interpreted, and the best talk enjoyed, for in these privileges the richest educational privileges are supplied.

— *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Teach your children to understand the law of attraction. Let them know that if they form certain habits, and continue them until they become thoroughly fixed in their minds, they have through the power of thought become related to all people thinking and doing the things that have occupied their attention.

For instance, if it has been your habit to find fault with people, to criticise, through this habit of criticism all the fault-finding people of the world have become related to you.

If you are in the habit of thinking kindly and saying kind words, in a short time you will become mentally related to all kindly natured people in the world, and you will have the force of their kind, loving thoughts pouring in upon you so that it will be easier for you to say a kind word than the reverse.

By indulging in healthy thoughts you attract to yourself everything necessary to your well-being — happiness, health, strength and friends.

"Don't tell me you are too old.

Age is all imagination. Ignore years and they will ignore you."

At sixty-two life has begun;
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swifter as thou nearest the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four.

At ninety-five
Shouldst thou arrive,
Still wait on God and work and thrive.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Don't get too near your enemy; he may turn out to
be a good fellow. — *Dorothea Moore.*

The railways are not laid along the old coach roads,
but they bring us to the same places as the coaches did.
You and I travel by different roads and our methods
are not alike, yet both our ways lead up to Jerusalem,
as all roads lead to Rome.

— *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

Every success in life comes from sympathy and co-
operation and love. — *Benjamin Ide Wheeler.*

Let us devote ourselves anew to the service of good
will. Let us resolve for the time to come to be consid-
erate of all, the present and the absent; to be just to
all; to be kindly affectionate to all.

— *N. L. Frothingham.*

TOMORROW AND YESTERDAY.

Two sisters met in the darkness,
To-morrow and Yesterday.
One clasped the hand of the other,
And softly was heard to say:
Sweet are the moments now passing,
There's nothing left to regret;
But that to some I brought sorrow,
Fills me with sadness yet."

Sweet was the smile of To-morrow,
Gently, so gently, she spake,
"Fear not, fear not, little sister,
Happiness for them, I'll make."
Then in the darkness they parted,
To-morrow and Yesterday;
Away from the earth one traveled,
To it one hastened her way.

It is easier to preach ideals than to look facts
squarely in the face.

—*Arthur T. Hadley.*

Blow not into a flame the spark which is kindled between two friends. They are easily reconciled, and will both hate you.
— *From the German.*

You know it takes an awful sight of moral power for some of us to be even decent! I like to think of what Dr. Mason said: "The religion which will make John a saint will barely keep Peter from knocking a man down."
— *Eden Phillpotts.*

Study, and study hard. But never let the thought enter your mind that study *alone* will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success.
— *Grover Cleveland.*

Our opinion of people depends less upon what we see in them, than upon what they make us see in ourselves.
— *Sarah Grand.*

The higher the state of civilization, the more completely do the actions of one member of the social body influence all the rest, and the less possible is it for any one man to do a wrong thing without interfering more or less with the freedom of his fellow citizens.
— *Huxley.*

Can any summary rule be given more than this: Every day and every hour to frame yourself with a view to getting over a weakness? How a person does this can only be learned by experience, not, I think, to be intruded on by others.
— *Jowett.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY'S BEGINNING.

"I thank God for sunshine and bird-song, for the sweet morning light upon the hill-tops, and the tender eyes of my loved ones. The great world is awake and a-throb with life. I, too, am awake and life is pulsing through my veins. I have a part in the great world, in its work, its joy and its sorrow. To-day I can be a little center from which shall radiate peace, kindness and good-will. I thank God for opportunity. A beautiful golden sunbeam has entered through my chamber window, and awakened me to the gladness and beauty of the morning. May my spirit be wakened and kindled by the Divine Spirit, so that all this day it may warm and gladden the hearts it touches."

I play not here marches for victors only — I play great
marches for conquered and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?

I also say it is good to fall — battles are lost in the
same spirit in which they are won.

I beat triumphal drums for the dead. . . .

Vivas to those who have failed!

— *Whitman.*

“King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong, or any labor failed,
‘To-morrow, friends, will be another day!’
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.”

It is the test of fine character, as of fine singing, that
the person displaying it, makes it seem, not a difficult
thing well done, but the simplest thing in the world to
do.

— *Alice Wellington Rollins.*

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of
knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.
We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough
to cram ourselves with a great load of collections;
unless we chew them over again, they will not give us
strength and nourishment.

— *Locke.*

“Where grows the golden grain?
Where faith? Where sympathy?
In furrows cut by pain.”

"In spite of the stare of the wise and the world's derision,

Dare follow the star-blazed road, dare follow the vision."

The world is a vapor, and only the vision is real,
Yea, nothing can hold against Hell, but the winged
Ideal.

— *Edwin Markham.*

You must do the duty next your hand, that is certain; but of ten duties next your hand you are to choose that which you do most happily, which suits you best, or for which God fitted you.

— *Edward Everett Hale.*

God must have loved the common people, he made so many of them.

— *Lincoln.*

"The dignity of thinking is in labor, and the dignity of labor is in thinking."

The clinching of good purposes with right actions is what makes the man. This higher heredity does not come from one's father or mother, but is the work of the man on himself.

— *David Starr Jordan.*

RESURRECTION.

Daffodil, lily and crocus,
 They stir, they break from the sod,
 They are glad of the sun, and they open
 Their golden hearts to God.

They and the wilding families —
 Windflower, violet, May —
 They rise from the long, long dark
 To the ecstasy of day.

We, scattering troops and kindreds,
 From out of the stars wind-blown
 To this wayside corner of space,
 This world that we call our own —

We, of the hedgerows of Time,
 We, too, shall divide the sod,
 Emerge to the light, and blossom,
 With out hearts held up to God.
 — *Charles G. D. Roberts.*

The moment you find yourself in an absolutely hopeless and despairing state of mind regarding your work — take a vacation. If only for a day — still take it. Let your brain rest by giving it new thoughts. You will return to work like one reborn.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for “constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.”

— *Benjamin Franklin.*

Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?
 Not Death; for who is he?
 The porter of my father's Lodge
 As much abasheth me.

Of life? 'Twere odd I fear a thing
 That comprehendeth me
 In one or more existences
 At Deity's decree.

Of resurrection? Is the east
 Afraid to trust the morn
 With her fastidious forehead?
 As soon impeach my crown!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

“Be pleasant until ten o’clock in the morning, and the rest of the day will take care of itself.”

The only road to advancement is to do your work so well that you are always ahead of the demands of your position. Our employers do not decide whether we shall stay where we are or go on and up; we decide that matter ourselves. Success or failure are not chosen for us; we choose them for ourselves.

— *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and I am ever a real sufferer but by my own fault. — *St. Bernard.*

Nothing can be done *for* the working-man. The attempt is and of right ought to be a failure. There is nothing but what can be done *with* a working-man, or any other man, if love incarnate is the propelling power and common sense guides the helm.

— *George L. McNutt.*

People are nearly always nice when one gets to know them, and pierces through the outer husks of artificiality which they wear before the world. I detest heaps of people that I have only met at dinner; but I think I like everybody that I have ever had breakfast with.

— *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up higher ideals — a quiet home ; vines of our own planting ; a few books full of inspiration ; a few friends worthy of being loved ; innocent pleasures that bring no pain or sorrow.

— *David Swing.*

THE SWEET COMMAND.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself:"
I've read it o'er and o'er.
By Love's dear hand,
A sweet command:—
I love my neighbor more!
I love her as the light that shines
Kissing her red lips through the vines!

"Love thou thy neighbor as thyself:"
I like that scripture sweet!
I do fulfill
That scripture's will
With my heart's every beat!
I love her as the glad winds race
To roses smiling in her face!

"Love thou thy neighbor as thyself:"
Preach from the text no more!
The broad sea rolls
Between our souls.
And shore is far from shore,
Yet still in grace my soul shall grow,—
I love — I love my neighbor so!
— *Frank L. Stanton.*

Such was my rule of life ; I worked my best, subject
to ultimate judgment, God's not man's.

— *Browning.*

TO HARVEST JOY.

We must not force events, but rather make
The heart soil ready for their coming, as
The earth spreads carpets for the feet of Spring,
Or, with the strengthening tonic of the frost,
Prepares for Winter. Should a July noon
Burst suddenly upon a frozen world
Small joy would follow, even tho' that world
Were longing for the Summer. Should the sting
Of sharp December pierce the heart of June,
What death and devastation would ensue!
All things are planned. The most majestic sphere
That whirls through space is governed and controlled
By supreme law, as is the blade of grass
Which through the bursting bosom of the earth
Creeps up to kiss the light. Poor, puny man
Alone doth strive and battle with the force
Which rules all lives and worlds, and he alone
Demands effect before producing cause.

How vain the hope! We cannot harvest joy
Until we sow the seed. And God alone
Knows when that seed is ripened. Oft we stand
And watch the ground with anxious, brooding eyes,
Complaining of the slow, unfruitful yield,
Not knowing that the shadow of ourselves
Keeps off the sunlight and delays results.
Sometimes our fierce impatience of desire
Doth like a sultry May force tender shoots
Of half-formed pleasures and unshaped events
To ripen prematurely, and we reap
But disappointment; or we rot the germs
With briny tears ere they have time to grow.
While stars are born and mighty planets die,
And hissing comets scorch the brow of space.
The Universe keeps its eternal calm.
Through patient preparation year on year
The earth endures the travail of the Spring
And Winter's desolation. So our souls,
In grand submission to a higher law,
Should move serene through all the ills of life,
Believing them masked joys.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Submission then is not defeat; on the contrary it is strength.
— *Amiel*.

The trustworthiness of men trusted seems often to grow with the trust.
— *Woodrow Wilson*.

“Marrying a woman for money is generally a trifle risky, for you always get the woman and not always the money.”

I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. — *Gilpin*.

Avoid the personal view, the small view, the critical and fault-finding view. Run away from gossip as from a pestilence, and keep in your soul great ideals and ideals to solace your solitude. They will drive out petty worries, conceits and thoughts of carking care.
— *Ada C. Sweet*.

God has not given us vast learning to solve all the problems, or unfailing wisdom to direct all the wanderings of our brothers' lives, but He has given to every one of us the power to be spiritual, and by our spirituality to lift and enlarge and enlighten the lives we touch.
— *Phillips Brooks*.

Every new thought relates itself finally to all thought, and is like the forward step which continually changes the horizon about the traveler.

— *Hamilton Wright Mabie*.

Strive constantly to concentrate yourself; never dissipate your powers; incessant activity, of whatever kind, leads finally to bankruptcy. — *Goethe*.

It is in every way creditable to handle the yardstick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape.

— *Horace Mann*.

The successful man takes plenty of time for thought. He carefully looks the ground over, searches for weak and strong points, then adjusts himself to the needed conditions.

— *Dresser*.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offense cannot reach it.

— *Descartes*.

Great men are the true men, the men in whom nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary, they are in the true order. It is the other species of men who are not what they ought to be. — *Amiel's Journal*.

The law of love, upon which all that relates to man is founded, declares that it is easier for man to be well and happy than to be the reverse. Try to see how much easier it is to go with the law than to put yourself in opposition to it.

— *Margaret Stowe*.

"I thank God for his night.

The stars are shining down upon the silent mountains and upon the whispering sea. The pulse of humanity is beating slowly and restfully. I too am a part of the All, God's All, and trust myself to the Infinite Care."

NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parents knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could hope through such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If life can thus deceive wherefore not life?

—*Blanco White*

"Grief sharper sting doth burrow
From regret:

But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, an dinna fret."

And thus looking within and around me ever anew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises
it too)

The submission of man's nothing perfect to God's all—
complete,

As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet.
— *Browning.*

Thoughts hardly to be packed

Into a narrow act,

Fancies that broke through language and escaped;

All I could never be,

All, men ignored in me,

This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped.
— *Robert Browning.*

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He
is nearest to the Gods who knows how to be silent even
though he is in the right.
— *Cato.*

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can
take it from him.
— *Franklin.*

The dispute about religion and the practice of it sel-
dom go together.
— *Young.*

Genius seems to be allied to immortal youth. Goethe at eighty-four had the same deep interest in life that he felt at thirty or forty; and Gladstone at eighty-six is one of the most eager and aspiring men of his time.

— *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

“A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; kites rise against and not with the wind.”

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! — *Carlyle.*

“We cannot help liking positiveness; the man who wilfully dangles in the air, hooked like a Hindu fakir, resting neither in heaven nor on the earth, is not a sight to inspire enthusiasm in others or to do any good.”

How soon the millennium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day. — *Ram's Horn.*

Though we should be grateful for good houses, there is no house like God's out-of-doors.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Don't make too much of the faults and failings of those around you — even be good to yourself, and don't harry your soul over your own blunders and mistakes.

Ada C. Sweet.

MY HARVESTS.

I thought to have gathered many a bloom
From a rose tree I planted one sweet spring day;
 Ah me! I forgot
 And watered it not,
And the soft buds withered away.

I thought as I looked at my heaped-up corn,
"I will sow it broadcast — this rich golden grain!"
 Ah me! I let it lay,
 And it withered away,
And harvest time reaps me no gain.

I thought that my friend would be mine always;
That his hand to my hand would cling close and fast,
 Ah me! I loosed hold
 On our friendship old,
And his fingers slipped at last.

I still wish for roses — my rose tree is dead;
I wish still for harvest — and hunger for bread;
I cry for the old love — the old love is fled;
I sowed not — I reaped not — God's judgment is said.
 — *L. Hereward*

"Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make the right use of it; it makes your prosperity more happy, and it makes your adversity more easy."

Love is the open sesame that lets in beauty, and gives us eyes to see. Then the sight of natural beauty stimulates our highest feelings, and we long for the one we love the most.

— *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

Much of our dissension is due to misunderstanding, which could be put right by a few honest words and a little open dealing.

— *Black.*

What men usually say of misfortunes, that they never come alone, may with equal truth be said of good fortune; nay, of the circumstances which gather round us in a harmonious way, whether it arise from a kind of fatality, or that man has the power of attracting to himself things that are mutually related.

— *Goethe.*

“The unhappy are always wrong: wrong in being so, wrong in saying so, wrong in needing help of others.”

You will succeed best when you put the restless, anxious side of affairs out of mind, and allow the restful side to live in your thoughts.

— *Margaret Stowe.*

Be not anxious about to-morrow. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand, if you saw them.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

The first duty for a man is still that of subduing Fear. A man's acts are slavish, not true, but spacious; his very thoughts are false,—till he have got Fear under his feet.

— *Carlyle.*

There are few things which bless and soothe the life of others more, or do them more good, than the giving of thanks. It makes men feel that they are some use in the world, and that is one of the finest impulses to a better life. It cheers many a wearied heart with pleasant hope and bids many a man who is sad in mood take courage.

— *Spofford Brooke.*

"The poorest people are not those who have to get much out of little, but those who get little out of much."

"Hard thinking opens naturally to strong doing."

If I do not keep step with my companions it is because I hear a different drummer. Let a man step to the music he hears, however measured, or however far away.

— *Thoreau.*

If you are tempted to be angry, pause a moment and still the rising activities. Deal in the same way with the tendency to be annoyed, resentful or depressed. Remember that if you spare yourself these useless expenditures of force, you husband and increase your energy.

— *Dresser.*

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has had a hiss.
And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music in friendship's tone.
So better and better I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

TRUST.

“ Searching for strawberries ready to eat ;
Finding them crimson and large and sweet ;
What do you think I found at my feet,
Deep in the green-hill side ?

“ Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on back and breast and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,
Opening their four mouths wide.

“ Stooping lower to scan my prize,
Watching the motions with curious eyes ;
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard.

“ And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch near the old stone-wall,
Trembling and twittering, ready to fall,
The poor little mother-bird.

“With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to the slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.

“‘Ah, birdie!’ I said, ‘if you only knew
My heart was tender and warm and true!’
But the thought that I loved her birdlings, too,
Never entered her small brown head.

“And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care.

“But O, if we only, only knew.
That God was tender, warm and true,
And that he loved us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.”

“I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything.”

FERN SONG.

Dance to the beat of the rain, little fern,
And spread out your palms again
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored alas, in vain
But for the shade
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your friends little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!"

— *John B. Tabb.*

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on
one side.

— *La Rochefoucauld.*

One can stop easily when he ascends, but not when
he descends.

— *Napoleon I.*

Opportunities are swarming around us all the time,
thicker than gnats at sun down. We walk through a
cloud of them.

— *Van Dyke.*

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business
is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many
other things. And it is not by any means certain that
a man's business is the most important thing he has
to do.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

PUT-OFF TOWN.

Did you ever go to Put-Off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumbledown,
And everything tarries and everything drags,
With dirty streets and people in rags?
On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait,
And his two little boys, named Linger and Late,
With uncleaned hands and trowsled hair,
And a naughty little sister named Don't Care.
Grandmother Growl lives in this town,
With her two little daughters, called Fret and Frown;
And Old Man Lazy lives all alone
Around the corner, on Street Postpone.
To play all day in Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet;
To stop or shrink, or linger, or frown,
Is the nearest way to this old town.

WHERE DID IT GO?

Where did yesterday's sunset go
When it faded down the hills so slow —
And the gold grew dim and the purple light
Like an army with banners passed from sight?

Will its flush go into the golden rod
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod
Its crimson fleck the maple-bough
And the autumn-glory begin from now?

Deeper than flower fields sank the glow
Of the silent pageant passing slow.

It flushed all night in many a dream
It thrilled in the folding hush of prayer
It glided into a poet's song
It is setting still in a picture rare;

It changed by the miracle none can see
To the shifting lights of a symphony;
And in resurrection of faith and hope
And glory died on the shining slope.

For it left its light on the hills and seas
That run a thousand memories.

— *W. C. Gannett.*

To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

Law is universal, absolute. Every effect has a cause. As we sow, we reap. Here are the simple facts of life. No striving, no effort of will or thought can escape them. We forget that the law of sowing and reaping applies not merely to putting the hand into the fire, but to the thoughts, the spirit we send out into the world.

— *Dresser.*

We marvel that the silence can divide
The living from the dead; yet more apart
Are they who all life long dwell side by side,
But never heart by heart.

— *Florence D. Snelling.*

Let your speech be better than silence, or be silent.

— *Dionysius.*

Better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites
by severity.

— *St. Francis de Sales.*

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.

— *Sydney Smith.*

We shall escape the up hill by never turning back.

— *Christina G. Rosetti.*

“So long as you can contribute to the pleasure, happiness, or comfort of any human being, you are of importance in the world, and no longer.”

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.

— *George Eliot.*

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think. — *Emerson.*

No religion is worth havin' unless a man sticks to it in a horse trade, or when he's paintin' a barn; and if a professor sands his sugar and waters his milk, he's goin' to have a tough time when certain unfort'nate questions is asked by the Lord.

— *George Hepworth.*

"Do not let your hands get too soft, it might go to your brain."

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so one's self.

— *Sir Arthur Nelphs.*

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. Every opinion reacts on him who uttered it. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong.

— *Emerson.*

The wise man will commit no business of importance to a proxy when he may do it himself.

L'Estrange.

COURAGE.

Be not discouraged with thy doubt, O soul:
Perchance the hand of God it is that leads
Thy faith to nobler creeds and broader trust.
Part of thy manhood is to doubt and solve
And rise to higher things. For cobwebs hang
About the intellect as in a court
But little used, and we must let the sun
Pour in, and conquer mirk and mist and night.
The creed thy father built, wherein his soul
Did live and move and find its vital joy,
May be but small to thee: then, without fear,
Build o'er again the atrium of the soul
So broad that all mankind may feast with thee.

—*William Ordway Partridge.*

HOPE EVERMORE, AND BELIEVE.

Hope evermore and believe, O man! for, e'en as thy thought,

So are the things that thou seest, e'en as thy hope and belief.

Cowardly art thou, and timid? They rise to provoke thee against them.

Hast thou courage? Enough! See them exulting to yield.

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee;

Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.

Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,

But for the joy of the deed, but for the duty to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action;

With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit

Say to thyself: It is good; yet is there better than it. This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little:

Nevertheless, it is good, though there is better than it.

— *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

COMPENSATION.

The universe pays every man in his own coin ; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return ; if you frown, you will be frowned at ; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company ; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers ; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticise and hate, and you will be censured, criticised and hated by your fellow men. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust, jealousy begets jealousy, hatred begets hatred, and confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, love begets love. Resist and you will be resisted. To meet the aggressive assault every entity rises up rigid and impenetrable — while yonder mountain of granite melts and floats away on the bosom of the river of love.

— *N. W. Zimmerman.*

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
— *Shakespeare.*

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.
— *Carlyle.*

I received a letter from a lad asking me for an easy berth. To this I replied: "You cannot be an editor, do not try the law; do not think of the ministry, let alone all ships and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer or a soldier or a sailor; don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. O, my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave!"
— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

It is just as easy to form a good habit as it is a bad one? And it is just as hard to break a good habit as a bad one? So get the good ones and keep them.
— *President McKinley.*

The strength of your life is measured by the strength of your will. But the strength of your will is just the strength of the wish that lies behind it.
— *Henry Van Dyke.*

It is not effort, but fruitless effort, which makes work distasteful; and when we learn to use our powers rightly, we will go to our tasks as gladly as bees to their honey making.
— *Bishop J. L. Spaulding.*

I have never known a case of undiscovered merit, and I have never known a case where merit failed to achieve success. I have known many men gifted with great ability who failed miserably in life, but in every instance the failure arose from neglect to develop natural talent into trained capacity.

— *Bourke Cockran.*

But try I ruge — the trying shall suffice ;
The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.

— *Browning.*

“ When you hear of good in people, tell it ;
When you hear a tale of evil — quell it.”

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute ;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it ;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated,
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

— *Goethe.*

We refuse sympathy and intimacy with people, as if we waited for some better sympathy and intimacy to come. But whence and where? To-morrow will be like to-day. Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live.

— *Emerson.*

That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon ; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.

— *Bishop Maut.*

MOTH EATEN.

I had a beautiful garment
And I laid it by with care ;
I folded it close, with lavender leaves,
In a napkin fine and fair.
“ It ’s far too costly a robe,” I said,
“ For one like me to wear.”

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on ;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key,
In the perfumed dusk alone —
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raimant
I bore them company ;
I knew I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I give them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the luster
Of its shifting colors fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out of the dust I bore it —
The lavender fell away —
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day,
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that it seals,
To the grace of a constant blessing,
The beauty that use reveals,
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

A FROWN AND A SMILE.

Such a silly little, foolish, naughty little frown —
Too small to do the slightest harm, you'd think,
Yet the naughty little frown frowned the nursery
pleasures down,
And made a pleasant room as black as ink.

Nurse scolded — Jamie sighed —
Kitten ran and baby cried —
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true),
Every smile was blotted out
With that naughty frown about —
Just think how much a little frown can do!

Such a pleasant little, happy little, jolly little smile —
Too small to do the slightest good, you'd say,
Yet that happy little smile kept the nursery all the while
As cheerful as the sunshine and as gay.

Nurse was singing like a bird —
Baby cooed and kitten purred —
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true),
Everywhere that small smile went
It brought pleasure and content —
Just think how much a little smile can do!
— *Theodosia P. Garrison.*

Guard well thy words —

How else can thou be master of thyself?

Well-poised and courteous speech can make thee king
Among thy fellow men.

Keep watch upon thyself

And govern well thy lips as doors unto a treasure-
house,

That nothing may be stolen from thee unawares

By sudden moods. — *Mabel Percy Haskell.*

Just take hold of the first thing that comes in your
way. If the Lord's got anything bigger to give you,
He will see to it. — *A. D. A. Whitney.*

And as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hierling for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,—
But cheerful in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone!
— *Whittier.*

"A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn.

And all day long the day shone bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born."

Do you think that because you have tried once and failed you cannot succeed. There is no condition that you cannot overcome. — *Margaret Stowe.*

To live with a high ideal is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career.

— *E. P. Tenney.*

“Women oftentimes take life too seriously; they are oppressed by wrongs for which they are not responsible, and take burdens which justly belong to the creator.”

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they re-unite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness, and the goodness of real greatness.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

Still o'er the earth hastes Opportunity,
Seeking the hardy soul that seeks for her.
Swift willed is thrice-willed; late means never more;
Impatient is her foot, nor turns again. — *Lowell.*

The incomparable advantage of things long looked for—things for the lack of which, so to speak, a pigeon-hole in the mind has stood vacant. Blessed are they who want something for when they get it, they will be glad.

— *Bradford Torrey.*

Be done with saying what you don't believe, and find somewhere or other the truest, divinest thing to your soul that you do believe today, and work that out in all the action and consecration of the soul in the doing of your work. — *Phillips Brooks.*

"The way to keep a man out of the mud is to black his boots," once said Frederick Douglass. The man with soiled shoes does not care where he walks.

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

— *E. B. Browning.*

What to us is gibe or frown?
What have we to cast us down?
Soul! Arise! assume thy crown;
Turn thy features from the wall,
Make thy stature proud and tall
See; The Lord is over all.

— *Richard Real.*

"I know a place where the sun is like gold
And the cherry blooms burst with snow ;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.
One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one in for luck,
If you search you will find where they grow.
But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must have love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

It was the little leaves beside the road.

Said Grass, "What is that sound
So dismally profound,
That detonates and desolates the air?"
"That is St. Peter's bell,"
Said rain-wise Pimpernell ;
He is music to the godly,
Though to us he sounds so oddly,
And he terrifies the faithful into prayer."

Then something very like a groan
Escaped the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "And whither track
These creatures all in black,
So wobegone and penitent and meek?"
"They're mortals bound for church,"
Said the little Silver Birch;
"They hope to get to heaven
And have their sins forgiven,
If they talk to God about it once a week."

And something very like a smile
Ran through the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "What is that noise
That startles and destroys
Our blessed summer brooding when we're tired?
"That's folks a-praising God,"
Said the tough old cynic Clod;
"They do it every Sunday,
They'll be all right on Monday;
It's just a little habit they've acquired."

And laughter spread among the little leaves.

— *Bliss Carman.*

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 Where the race of men go by—
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are
 strong
 Wise, foolish—so am I.
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

— *Sam Walter Foss.*

“Give to the world the best that you have, and the
 best will come back to you.”

I see in the world two heaps, one of human happiness
 and one of misery; now, if I can take but the smallest
 bit from the second heap and add to the first, I carry a
 point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-
 penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its
 tear, I feel that I have done something. I should be
 glad indeed, to do great things, but I will not neglect
 such little ones as these.

— *John Newton.*

I feel more pity for the people who have waited on
 the bank and caught cold in their hearts and souls
 through standing still too long, than with those who
 have been bruised and buffeted by the full force of the
 stream.

— *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

"If we give all we have, and do all we can, and yet think unkindly, it profits us nothing. Our thoughts mould our life, because life and thought are one."

Living will teach you how to live better than preacher or book.
— *Goethe*.

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you.
— *Emerson*.

"Refinement is more a spirit than an accomplishment. All the books of etiquette that have ever been written cannot make a person refined. True refinement springs from a gentle, unselfish heart. Without a fine spirit a refined life is impossible."

Think of yourself, therefore, nobly, and you will live nobly. You will realize on earth that type of character and faith which is the highest ideal of philosopher and hero and saint.
— *Charles W. Wendte*.

The sane, strong, brave, heroic souls of all ages were the men who, in the natural order of things, have lived above all considerations of pay or glory. They have served not as slaves hoping for reward, but as gods who would take no reward.
— *David Starr Jordan*.

Let us pity these poor rich men, who live barrenly in great bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for for the price of what his tobacco and beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning and constantly adding to a library of good books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The spirit of simplicity is a great magician. It softens asperities, bridges chasms, draws together hands and hearts. The forms which it takes in the world are infinite in number; but never does it seem to us more admirable than when it shows itself across the fatal barriers of position, interest, or prejudice, overcoming the greatest obstacles, permitting those whom everything seems to separate to understand one-another, esteem one-another, love one-another. This is the true social cement that goes into the building of a people.

— *Charles Wagner.*

A single gentle rain makes the grass many shades greener. So our prospects brighten on the influx of better thoughts. We should be blessed if we lived in the present always and took advantage of every accident that befell us, like the grass which confesses the influence of the slightest dew that falls on it; and did not spend our time in atoning for neglect of past opportunities, which we call doing our duty.

— *Thoreau.*

“Room for the Christ-child, room!
Room for the Light in the wintry gloom,
Where man’s distrust and his greed for gain
Have frozen the floods of tender rain,
Till never a flower of hope can bloom,
Room for the Christ-child, room!”

THE CHOICE.

Only so much of power each day
So much nerve force brought in play;
If it goes for politics or trade,
Ends gained or money made,
You have it not for the soul and God
The Choice is yours to sow or plod,
So much water in the rill;
It may go to turn the miller's wheel,
Or sink in the desert, or flow on free
To brighten its banks in meadows green
'Till broadening out, fair fields between,
It streams to the moon-enchanted sea,
Only so little power each day;
Week by week days slide away;
E're the life goes what shall it be
A trade—a game—a mockery
Or the gate of a rich eternity?

—*Edward Roland Sill.*

Earth and probably heaven, has nothing better to offer us than that thrill, which runs through us when we catch fleeting glimpses of the Beautiful and the True, and rise superior for the time being to all that is sordid and cowardly and mean. For the moment we are "pure in heart and see God."

— *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

Trust in thine own untried capacity—

Some feet will tread all heights now unattained

Why not thine own? — *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The function of culture is not merely to train the powers of enjoyment, but first and supremely for helpful service.

— *Bishop Potter.*

Be a life long or short, its completeness depends on what it was lived for.

— *David Starr Jordan.*

Don't be gazing at the mountain and river in the distance, and saying, "How shall I ever get over them? When you come to the mountain and the river you will come to the light and strength that belong to them.

— *M. A. Kelty.*

O March that blusters and March that blows,

What color under your footsteps glows,

Beauty you summon from Winter snows,

And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

Remember that there is one thing better than making a living — making a life. — *Governor Russell.*

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came. — *Longfellow.*

I hold not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill, and all things are not well, but all things shall be well, because this is God's world.

— *Robert Browning.*

"Pessimism is waste of force — the penalty of one who knows not how to live."

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished.

— *Quarles.*

"The poem hangs on the berry bush
When comes the poet's eye,
And the whole street is a masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by."

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.

— *Edward Bulwer.*

Try it for a day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate; truly, you will wonder at your own improvement. — *Richter.*

Stay at home in your mind:
Don't recite other people's opinions.

— *Emerson.*

Who brings sunshine into the life of another has sunshine in his own.

— *David Starr Jordan.*

"What right have you, O passer-by-the-way, to call any flower a weed? Do you know its merits, its virtues, its healing qualities? Because a thing is common shall you despise it? If so, you might despise the sunshine for the same reason."

A retentive memory may be a good thing, but the ability to forget is a token of greatness.

— *Elbert Hubbard.*

The individuals whose lives are really valuable never ask any one how to make them so.

— *Marie Corelli.*

All history bears witness that when God means to make a great man, He puts the circumstances of the world and the lives of lesser men under tribute. . . . All earnest, pure, unselfish, faithful men who have lived their obscure lives well, have helped to make him.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

“Counting the days till Christmas!
Sweet days of tender care
That loved ones may on the blessed morn
Find longed for treasures fair.
Thus dreaming, hoping and waiting,
That holiest day draws near
When ‘Peace on earth, good will to men’,
Ring out the joy-bells clear.”

“’T is not the weight of jewel or plate
Or the fondle of silk or fur;
’T is the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the wise ones were:
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.”

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen ; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas
day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone
through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas
day.

God rest ye, little children ; let nothing you afright,
For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born this happy
night ;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on
Christmas day.

God rest ye, all good Christians ; upon this blessed
morn

The Lord of all Good Christians was of a woman born ;
Now all your sorrows he doth heal ; your sins He takes
away,

For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas
day.

— *Dinah Mulock Craik.*

When our world learns this lesson — when every child is revered as a royal heir of heaven because it is a brother of the Christ Child, then a great light will lighten the nations. — *Henry Van Dyke.*

“A wise old German said: ‘I likes to give villingly; ven I gives villingly, it enjoys me so much, I gives it again.’”

We are encompassed about by the forces that make for righteousness. All power we possess, or seem to possess comes from our accord with these forces. There is no lasting force except the power of God.

— *David Starr Jordan.*

The effective appeal to-day is not addressed to the selfish desire for personal advantage as a result of religious effort, but to the sure prospect that a man of God can serve his day and generation more widely, deeply and permanently than a godless man.

— *Rev. Charles R. Brown.*

“There are some people who turn gray, but who do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed, but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age and there is a kindness which laughs at the world’s rough usage. There are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return upon others.”

What is Home?

"Where each lives for the other and all for God."

Helen L. Mattingly.

In the long run all goodly sorrow pays;
 There is no better thing than righteous pain;
 The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days,
 Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.
 Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
 But sorrow yields a glorious dividend,
 In the long run.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Friends give flowers
 To mark the hours
 Of changing seasons as they roll —
 Thoughts we give,
 By them we live,
 And thoughts are blossoms of the soul.

— *M. A. E. Benton.*

GOODBY.

Bid me goodbye! No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim,
Nor yet can any language, any nation,
A sweeter frame.

It is not final; it forebodes no sorrow,
As some declare
Who, born to fretting, are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

"Goodby" is but a prayer, a benediction
From lips sincere,
And breathed by thine it brings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

"Goodby!" Yes, "God be with you!" prayer and
blessing
In simplest phrase,
Alike our need and his dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
Bid me goodbye!

—*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

Here then we rest; not fearing for our creed
The worst that human reasoning can achieve,
To unsettle or perplex it; . . .
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
Sons of the morning. — *Wordsworth.*

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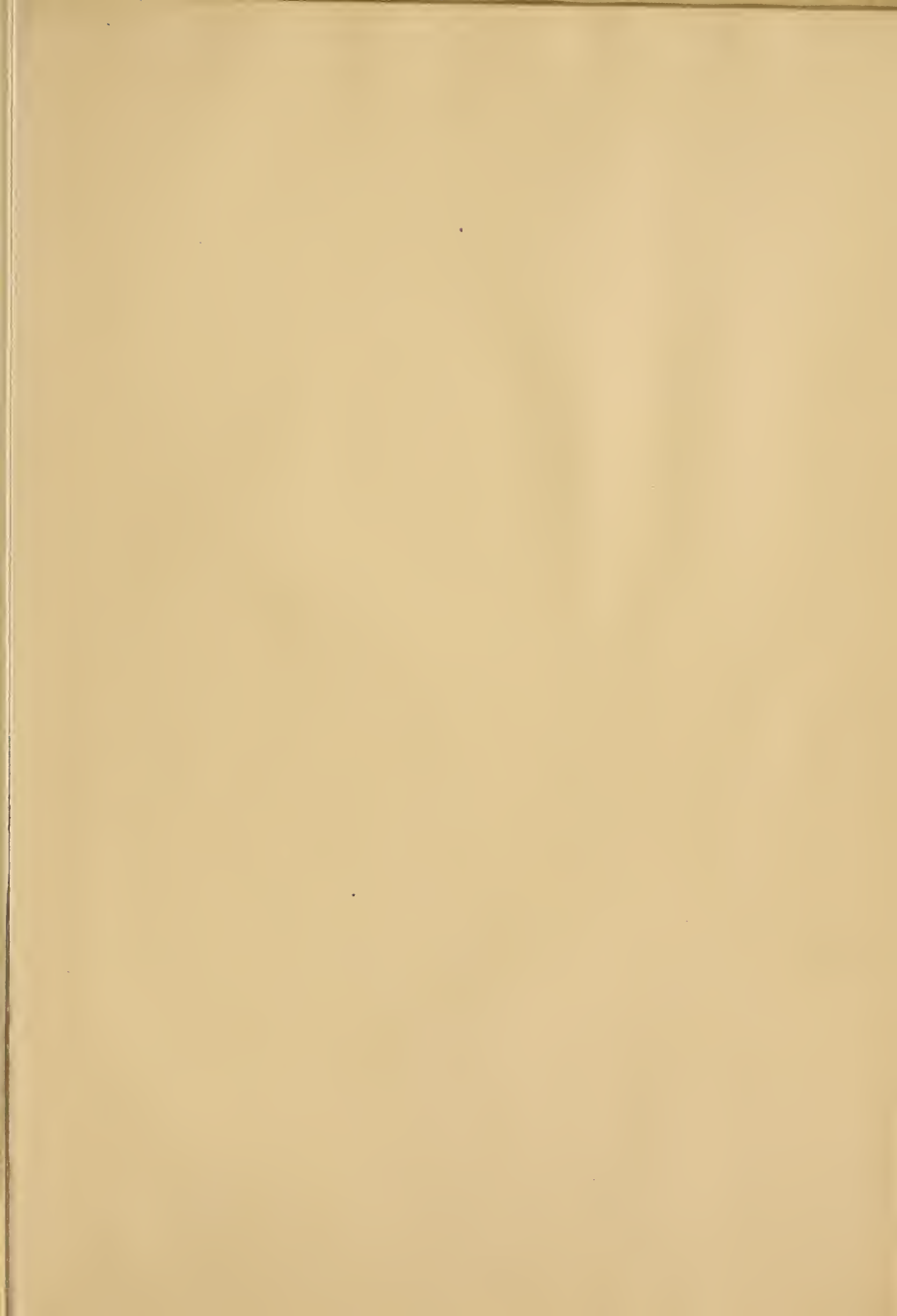
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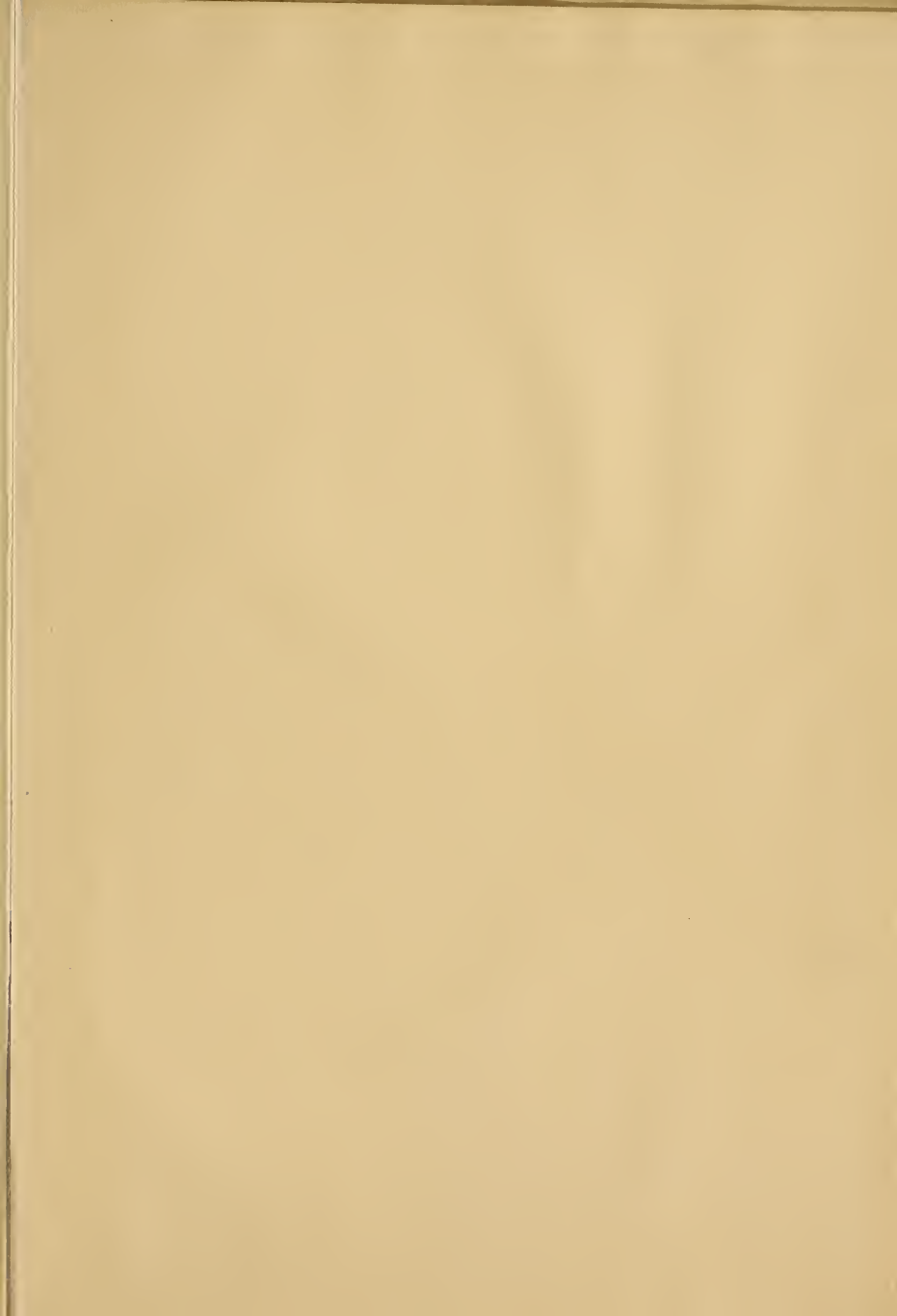
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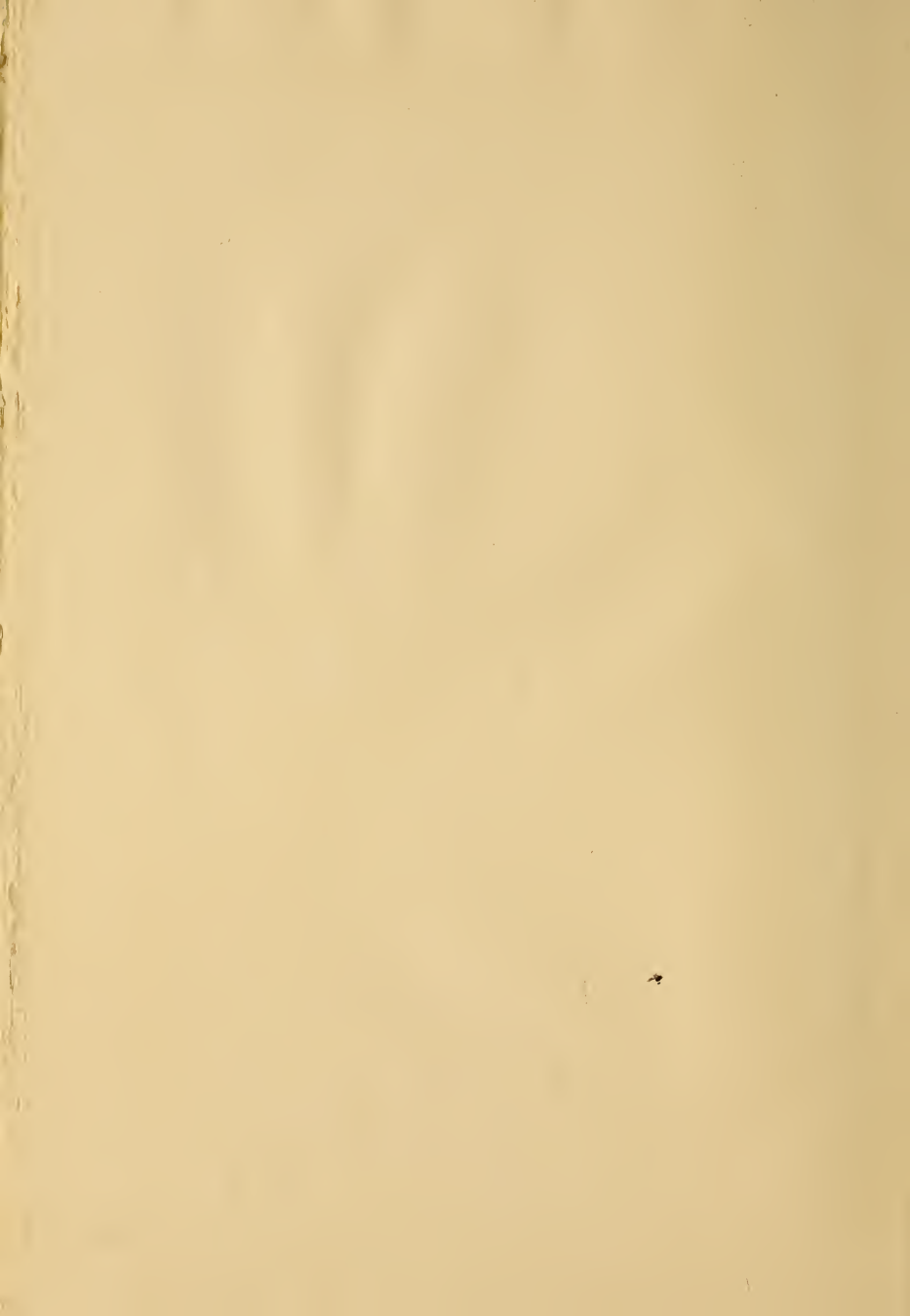
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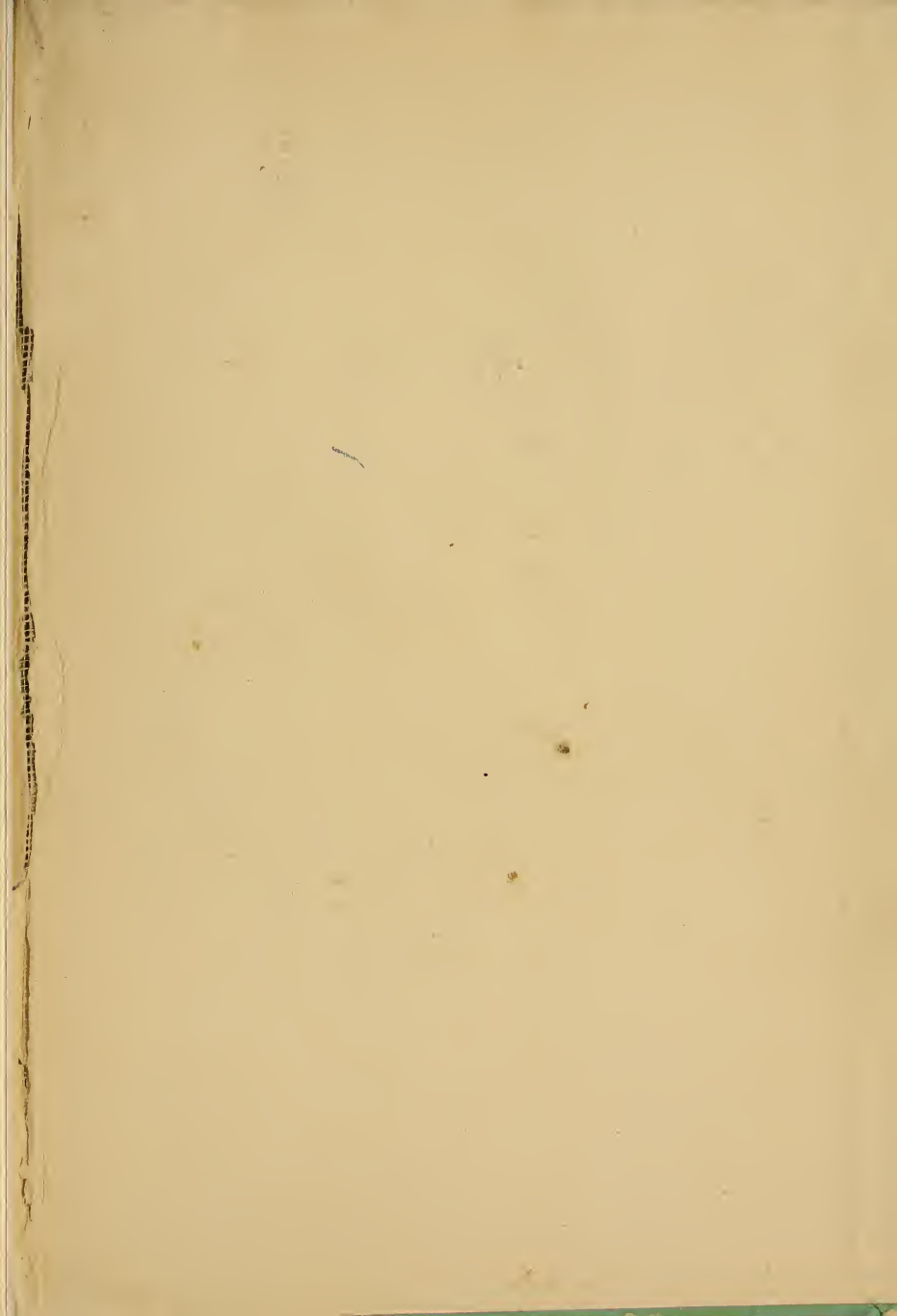




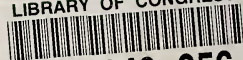




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